On this Lillo wrote his Tragedy

Strange & Bloody Nevvs

From *PERIN* in

CORNWALL:

OR,

A True and Faithful Relation of a Horrible and Unhumane Murther, Committed by Father and *Mother*, upon the Body of their own *Son*, that had been gone to Sea Twelve years.

VVith the manner how he presented himself to his Parents, as a poor distressed traveller, begging Lodging for a Night.

As also what he related to the *Old* People of his travels; and acquainting them with what Jewels he had about him; for which they barbarously Murther him in his bed.

An account how this Murther was discovered by his Sister, who dwelt in the Town; to whom he had discovered himself first, appointing her to come the next day, to make merry with his Parents.

As also how his Father and Mother Murthered themselves with the same Knife; and the Daughter dyed suddainly with grief, which was the miserable end of that Family.

London, Printed for *Robert Person*. 1675.

YALE

Strange and Bloody
NEWS
From *Perin* in
Cornvvall, &c.

THe golden times being paſt, what doth this Iron Age of ours produce but thorns for Roſes, and brambles for Lillies? I mean bloody and barbarous acts inſtead of deeds of compaſſion and works of charity; not but that

Chriſtianity (as a glorious vail) covereth the face of Europe, *as the Firmament of Heaven doth that of earth, and that by the mercy of God there are now great variety of learned and godly preachers, who by the ſanctity of their lives, and the purity of their Doctrine ſpend the greateſt part of their time to propagate vertue and pity in us, and conſequently to root out vice from us; but 'tis the vanity of our thoughts, the corruption of our depraved Natures, the infirmity of our Judgements, the weakneſs of our faith, the coldneſs of our zeal, and our neglect of prayer, which ſometimes, nay, too often tranſporteth our ſelves beyond our ſelves, and our reſolutions and actions beyond the bounds of reaſon: yea, and valiantly carrieth us to deſperate and unhumane attempts, which this next deplorable Hiſtory will ſo apparently verifie unto us: that we ſhall difficultly read it without ſighs, nor underſtand it without tears.*

THere lately lived a man at *perin* in *Cornwal*, vvho had been bleſſed with an ample poſſeſſion and faithful iſſue, unhappy only in a younger ſon, who takeing liberty from his fathers bounty, joyned with a crew like himſelf, who weary of the Land, went roveing to Sea, and in a ſmall Veſſel, *Southward*, made prize of all thoſe whom they could maſter, and ſo increaſed in Wealth, number, and ſtrength, that in the *Straights* they adventured upon a Turkiſh Man of War, where they got great booty, but their powder

powder by miſchance taking fire, our gallant truſting to his skilful ſwimming got to ſhore upon the Iſle of *Rhodes*, with the beſt of his jewels about him, where after a while offering them to ſale to a Jew, he knew them to be the Governours of *Algier*; Whereupon he was apprehended, and for a Pyrate condemned to the Gallies amongſt other Chriſtians, whoſe miſerable ſlavery made them uſe their wits, to recover their former liberty: and accordingly they ſlew ſome of their Officers, and valiantly releaſed themſelves. After which, this Young man got aboard an Engliſh Ship, and came ſafe to *London*, where his former miſery, and ſome skill that he had gotten that way, preferred him to be a ſervant to a Chyrurgeon, who after a while ſent him away to the *Eaſt-Indies*: there by his diligence and induſtry, he got money, with which he returned home: and longing to ſee his Native Country *Cornwal*, in a ſmall Ship, from *London* he ſailed *weſt-ward*; but ere he attained his port he was caſt away upon that Coaſt, where once more his excellent skill in ſwiming, brought him to ſhore. But then having been twelve years abſent, he underſtood that his Father was much decayed in his eſtate, and had retired himſelf to live privately in a place not far off, being indeed in debt and danger.

His Siſter he finds Married to a meaner Match then her birth promiſed, and to her he at firſt appears as a poor Stranger, but after a while privately reveals himſelf to her, ſhewing her what Jewels and Gold he had concealed in Bow-caſe about him:

and

and he concluded that the next day he would appear to his Parents, and withal both reſolve that he ſhould keep his Diſguiſe, till ſhe and her Husband ſhould come thither, to make their common joy compleat.

Being come to his Parents his humble behaviour ſuitable to his *poor* ſuit of cloaths, melted the old couple into ſo much compaſsion, as to give him ſhelter from the cold ſeaſon, under their roof, and by degrees, his ſtories of his travels and ſufferings, told with much paſsion to the aged people, made him their gueſt ſo long by the Kitchin fire, that the Husband bid them good night, and went to bed, and ſoon after his true ſtories working compaſsion in the weaker veſſel, ſhe wept, and ſo did he; but withall he taking pitty of her tears comforted her with a peice of gold, which gave her aſſurance that he deſerved a Lodging, which ſhe afforded him, and to which ſhe brought him, and being in bed he ſhewed her his Wealth vvhich vvas guilded about him, which he told her vvould be ſufficient to relieve her husbands vvants, and to ſpare for himſelf, and ſo being vveary, he fell aſleep.

The Old Woman being tempted with the golden bait that ſhe had received, and greedily thinking after the enjoyment of the reſt, ſhe went to her Husband and awakening him, preſented him with the News, and her Contrivance what further to do. And though with horrid Apprehenſions, he oft refuſed, yet her pewling eloquence (even enchantments) moved him at laſt to conſent, and to

riſe

riſe and be Maſter of that wealth, by murthering the owner thereof, which accordingly they did, and vvithal covered the Corps vvith Cloaths, till opportunity ſerved for their carrying of it avvay.

' The early morning haſtens the Siſter to her Fathers Houſe, vvhere vvith ſigns of great joy ſhe Enquires for a Saylor, that ſhould lodge there the laſt Night; the Old folks at firſt denyed that they had ſeen any ſuch, till ſhe told them that it vvas her Brother, and that Brother vvhich vvas loſt, vvhich ſhe knevv aſſuredly by a Scar upon his arm, cut with a Sword in his Youth, and that they were reſolved to meet there the next morning to be merry. The father hearing this, haſtily runs up into the room, and finding the mark as his Daughter had told him with horrid regret of this monſtrous murther of his own ſon, with the ſame knife wherewith he kill'd him, he cut his own throat: the Mother ſoon after going up to conſult with her Husband what to do, in a ſtrange manner beholding them both weltring in blood, wild and agaſt, finding the Inſtrument at hand, readily rips up her own belly, till the guts tumbled out.

The

The Daughter vvondring at their delay in Returning, ſeeks about for them, vvhom ſhe found out too ſoon, and vvith the ſad ſight of this bloody ſcean, being overcome vvith ſudden horror and amazement, for this deluge of Deſtruction, ſhe ſank dovvn and Dyed, the fatal end of that family.

FINIS.